



Shadow

COMICS

THREE
THRILLING
ADVENTURES
OF THE SHADOW

Vol. 3 No. 8
NOV 1943

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The Shadow

ENCOUNTERS **MONSTRODAMUS**
AND HIS CREATURES OF FABLE----



STORY BY
MAXWELL
GRANT--
PICTURES BY
CHARLES COLL

SOMEWHERE IN THIS LAND LURKS AN INSIDIOUS BRAIN, WHO STYLES HIMSELF **MONSTRODAMUS**...POSSESSED OF THE ELIXIR OF LIFE. THIS CREATURE EXISTS PERPETUALLY WITH HIS VICIOUS SERVANTS...BY HATCHING MONSTERS FROM THE PAST! THIS MASTER OF EVIL HOPES TO SHAPE THE WORLD OF THE FUTURE TO HIS UGLY LIKING...

WHO CAN BLOCK MONSTRODAMUS AND HIS SCHEMES?

ONLY CRANSTON, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS THE SHADOW!!!!



THE SERPENT HAS HATCHED THE HEN'S EGG, O MONSTRODAMUS!

GOOD! I SHALL FEED THE SNAKE-CHICK SOME ELIXIR...



AND WITHIN A FORTNIGHT, IT WILL BECOME A FULL-GROWN COCKATRICE, MORE TERRIBLE THAN THE FABULOUS MONSTERS I HAVE ALREADY ACQUIRED!



BUT WHY NO TRACES OF MONSTRODAMUS LAMONT?

HE IS HIDING SOMEWHERE HATCHING NEW MONSTERS! WE SHALL HEAR FROM HIM, ALL TOO SOON!!



SAY... I WONDER IF THEM STONE STATUES IS WORTH ANYTHING?

NAW.. AND WHO COULD LUG 'EM ANYWAY? WE'LL CRACK THE HOUSE AND FIND WHAT'S THERE!!

I'LL BE WAITIN' WITH THE JELLOPY

TWO WEEKS LATER... ROUGH-NECKS FROM A TRAVELING CIRCUS DECIDE TO INDULGE IN ROBBERY...







ON JERRY
 CRAIG,
**THE
 SHADOW**
 HAS A
 VALUABLE
 ALLY IN
 FIGHTING
 LEGENDARY
 MONSTERS,
 BECAUSE
 JERRY IS
 IMMUNE
 TO
 CERTAIN
 TYPES
 OF
 FABULOUS
 CREATURES...



WHILE
 JERRY
 GETS
 DRESSED,
**THE
 SHADOW**
 EXPLAINS
 THE
 POWERS
 AND
 LIMITATIONS
 OF DRAGONS
 AND WYVERNS
 WHICH
 WEAKEN
 WHEN
 LOOKED
 IN THE
 EYE...



**THE
 SHADOW
 KNOWS!**
 HAVING
 IMBUED
 JERRY
 WITH
 THAT
 CONFIDENCE,
**THE
 SHADOW**
 TAKES HIS
 BOY ALLY
 ALONG
 THE TRAIL
 THAT
 LEADS TO
MONSTRODAMUS.



WHILE THE SHADOW AND JERRY ARE STAYING OVERNIGHT AT A FARMHOUSE, MARGO LANE IS BUSY IN NEW YORK... THERE, MARGO ENTERTAINS THE PRINCESS THEBA, A RELIC OF ANCIENT EGYPT, WHO WAS REVIVED FROM A MUMMY CASE BY... **MONSTRODAMUS...**







IN THE MORNING, JERRY IS AWAKENED BY A CROWING ROOSTER...



WHY ARE YOU PUTTING HIM IN THERE, CHIEF?

BECAUSE ALONG WITH DRAGONS, WYVERNS AND GRYPHONS, MONSTRODAMUS MAY HAVE HATCHED A COCKATRICE, AND THE ONLY THING THAT CAN KILL A COCKATRICE IS A ROOSTER'S CROWING!



THE ONLY THING, CHIEF?

NO, COME TO THINK OF IT, THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE THAT CAN MAKE TROUBLE FOR A COCKATRICE! LOOK IN THAT TRAP, JERRY!!

WAUGH!



WHY IS IT A WEASEL!

BRING IT ALONG! ONLY A WEASEL CAN LOOK A COCKATRICE IN THE EYE AND SURVIVE. THEREFORE A WEASEL CAN ATTACK AND KILL A COCKATRICE!



STRONGLY EQUIPPED AGAINST MONSTRODAMUS, THE SHADOW AND JERRY CONTINUE ON THEIR WAY, NOT KNOWING THAT MARGO LANE HAS PRECEDED THEM TO THE LAIR OF MONSTRODAMUS!!



IMPORTANT THINGS ARE HAPPENING WHILE
MONSTRODAMUS GLOATS AND MARGO
 LANGUISHES IN HER DUNGEON!!!



TOTALLY INVISIBLE, **THE SHADOW** GLIDES
 BETWEEN THE **DRAGON** AND THE **WYVERN**!!!



BEHIND THE GREAT HOUSE JERRY FINDS A
 WAY INSIDE!!!



WHILE THEBA, FAR AWAY, IS GAINING RESULTS
 THROUGH PERSEVERANCE....





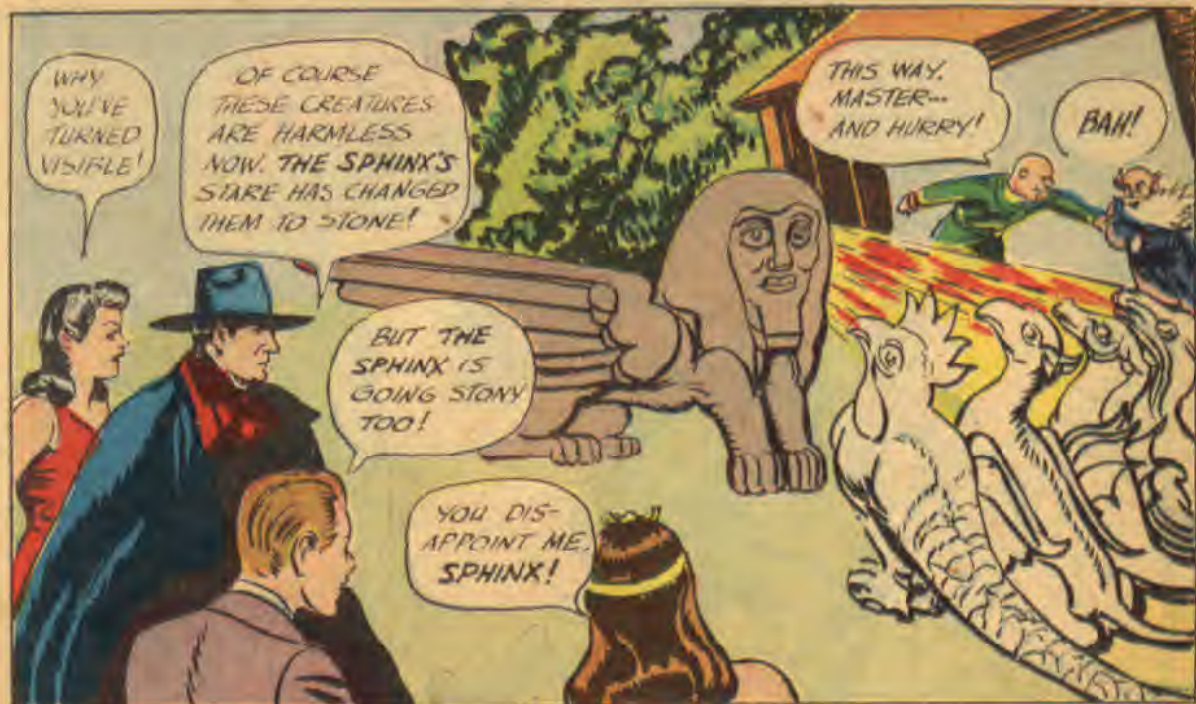
MISTAKING THE GRYPHON'S TAIL FOR A SNAKE, THE SHADOW BIRD TWEAKS IT!!!



LITTLE DOES MARGO REALIZE THAT SHE HAS THWARTED THE SHADOW'S PLANS AGAINST THE SUPER-DEADLY COCKATRICE!








WONDERS

in the World of SPORT



IN 21 YEARS
WITH THE WASHINGTON
SENATORS • WALTER
"BIG TRAIN" JOHNSON
STRUCK OUT OVER
4000 BATTERS • A
RECORD THAT HAS NEVER
BEEN EQUALLED



JOHNNY "TARTAN"
WEISMULLER • •
WAS A SICK AND
WEAKLY CHILD. HE
ONLY ENJOINED IN
ATHLETICS UPON
HIS DOCTORS IN
SKEPTICISM, AND LATER
RETIRED • •
HOLDING MANY
IMPORTANT RECORDS



THERE HAVE BEEN TWO JACK
DEMPSEYS IN AMERICAN BOX-
ING. THE FIRST FOUGHT 60
BOUNDS AND NEVER LOST A DECISION



.343

IN 1894

THE PHILADELPHIA
PHILLIES HAD A
TEAM BATTING
AVERAGE OF .343
• • WHEN THEY
WERE ONE OF
THE BEST SLUG-
GING TEAMS
OF ALL TIMES.



4000 YEARS AGO • EVEN BEFORE
THE GREEKS • • THERE WERE
FIELD EVENTS IN IRELAND
• • SIMILAR TO THE MODERN TRACK
MEETS HELD TODAY • SIMILAR ALSO
TO OUR OLYMPIC MEETS.

The Shadow

Defies The Monster
of
**MURDER
MANSION**



LAMONT
CRANSTON
COMES TO
THE TOWN
OF WESTWOOD
TO SOLVE A
DEEP AND
WEIRD
MYSTERY...

STORY BY
MAXWELL
GRANT
PICTURES BY
CHARLES COLL

AND I'D LIKE TO KNOW
MORE ABOUT THOSE
DEATHS THAT HAPPENED
IN THE SEALED ROOM OF
THE GRANMORE MANSION!

VERY WELL,
MR. CRANSTON

SEEING AS HOW YOU
KNOW THE NEW YORK
POLICE COMMISSIONER,
I'LL TAKE YOU OUT THERE.

MUCH OBLIGED,
SHERIFF.





HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR ALL THIS HAVOC?

















RIGHT THROUGH-
IN A SPLIT SECOND!




SLAM

AND THAT WAS
SPLITTING IT
THIN!

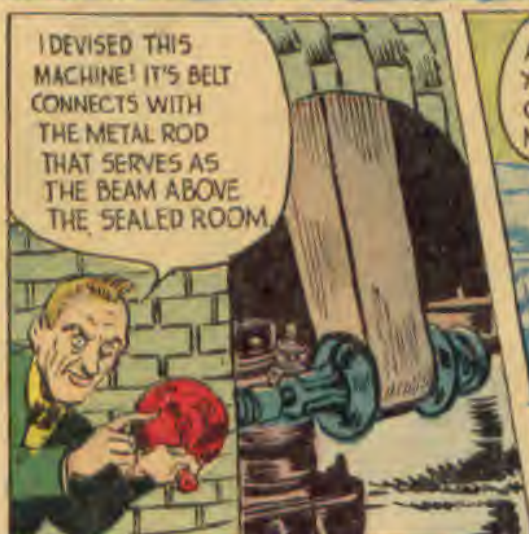


NOW TO GET AROUND
BACK WHERE THE GALLERY
OUGHT TO BE! ONLY
THEY WO'N'T SEE ME!



NOBODY AROUND TO
APPRECIATE MY
INVISIBILITY! I'LL
HAVE TO LOOK
THEM UP---


DOWN
HERE!





BEEBO

OF JUNGLE ISLE AND HIS WONDER HORSE FLEET IN DEATH UNDER THE SEA




BEEBO AND THE SHADOW WERE LOCKED IN DEADLY COMBAT WITH BEEBO'S VILLANOUS UNCLE, JAMES BOTEL, AND HIS CUT-THROATS... AS FLEET AND CHEETO WERE SWIMMING TOWARD THE SHIP TO HELP THEM, A THUNDEROUS NOISE ALMOST SPLIT THEIR EARS-DRUMS! AND, BEFORE THEIR EYES, THE SHIP BLEW UP!



YIK... THE-THING THAT-WALKS-THE-WATER HAS TORN ITSELF APART... BEEBO AND MAN-FRIEND BOTH ARE DEAD!

THEY MAY STILL BE ALIVE... WE MUST SWIM OUT AND SEC!



AT THIS VERY MOMENT, BEEBO AND THE SHADOW GAZE HELPLESSLY INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES—BOTH ARE WEAK FROM THE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION... AND THEY FEEL THEMSELVES SLIPPING... SLIPPING... UNDER...



THE-THING-
THAT-WALKS-THE
WATER GOES
DOWN!

BUT I SEE
BEEBO AND THE
MAN-FRIEND...
HURRY--HURRY--
YIK-YIK!

IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO SAVE THEMSELVES,
JAMES BOTEL AND HIS ASSASIN PARTNER REACH
FOR FLEET...

FLEET...YIK-YIK...THE BAD
HUMANS REACH FOR YOUR TAIL TO
SAVE THEMSELVES!

BITE THEIR HANDS...
PULL THEIR HAIR...
DONT LET THEM!
MY TAIL IS FOR BEEBO
AND THE MAN-FRIEND
TO HOLD!

YIK-YIK!...WHAT A BRAVE MONKEY
AM I--TWO BIG HUMANS DID I
KILL BY MYSELF AT THE SAME
TIME...I AM THE BRAVEST
MONKEY IN THE WORLD!

BRAG...
BRAG...
CONCEITED
INCUBATOR-OF-
FLEAS! YOU WILL
NOT BE SO BRAVE
IF A SHARK
SEES YOU.



LITTLE CHEETO CROWS
OVER HIS VICTORY.

GOOD WORK,
LITTLE CHEETO...
BUT HURRY!

PESKY
MONKEY!
OUCH!

AND WITH HIS SHARP TEETH
BITES YOU INTO
LITTLE PIECES!

OH-H-H...
YIK...
SSAVE ME,
GOOD FLEET...
DONT LET
TH THE SHARK
GET ME
YIK-YIK!



FLEET AND CHEETO FINALLY REACH THE SHADOW AND BEEBO... NOT KNOWING THAT A WORSE MENACE THAN A SHARK LURKS BELOW...

UNAWARE OF THE DANGER, THE FOUR FRIENDS HAVE A HAPPY REUNION.

YIK...YIK...
POOR BEEBO!
YOU HAVE BEEN HURT,
BUT YOU STILL
LIVE...

I LIVE-BUT
ONLY HALF WAY
FOR I AM HURT
AND TIRED...
AND SO IS OUR
MAN-FRIEND.

I SHALL SOON HAVE YOU ON SHORE. YOU WILL REST AND GET WELL ON THE WARM SAND.

DO ANY OF THE
HATED MEN
STILL LIVE?

NO! YIK... I BRAVE
CHEETO KILLED THEM BOTH!

WHAT
PULLS ME?

YIK...
WHAT HOLDS
ME?

IT'S THE
MANY-LEGGED
FISH!

OCTOPUS!

AT THIS MOMENT...

SUDDENLY, A DEADLY TENTACLE SHOOTS OUT OF THE WATER! IT SLAPS AND WRAPS ITSELF AROUND FLEET, AND, ACCIDENTALLY, CATCHES CHEETO!



THE NEXT INSTANT, THE
POWERFUL, SLIMY TENTACLE
PULLS ITS QUARRY DOWN--
DOWN--DOWN--TOWARD ITS
CAVERNOUS YAWNING JAWS.

THE BRAVE FLEET KICKS OUT WITH HIS SHARP HOOF'S WOUNDING THE TENDER TENTACLES AND JAWS OF THE GIANT OCTOPUS!

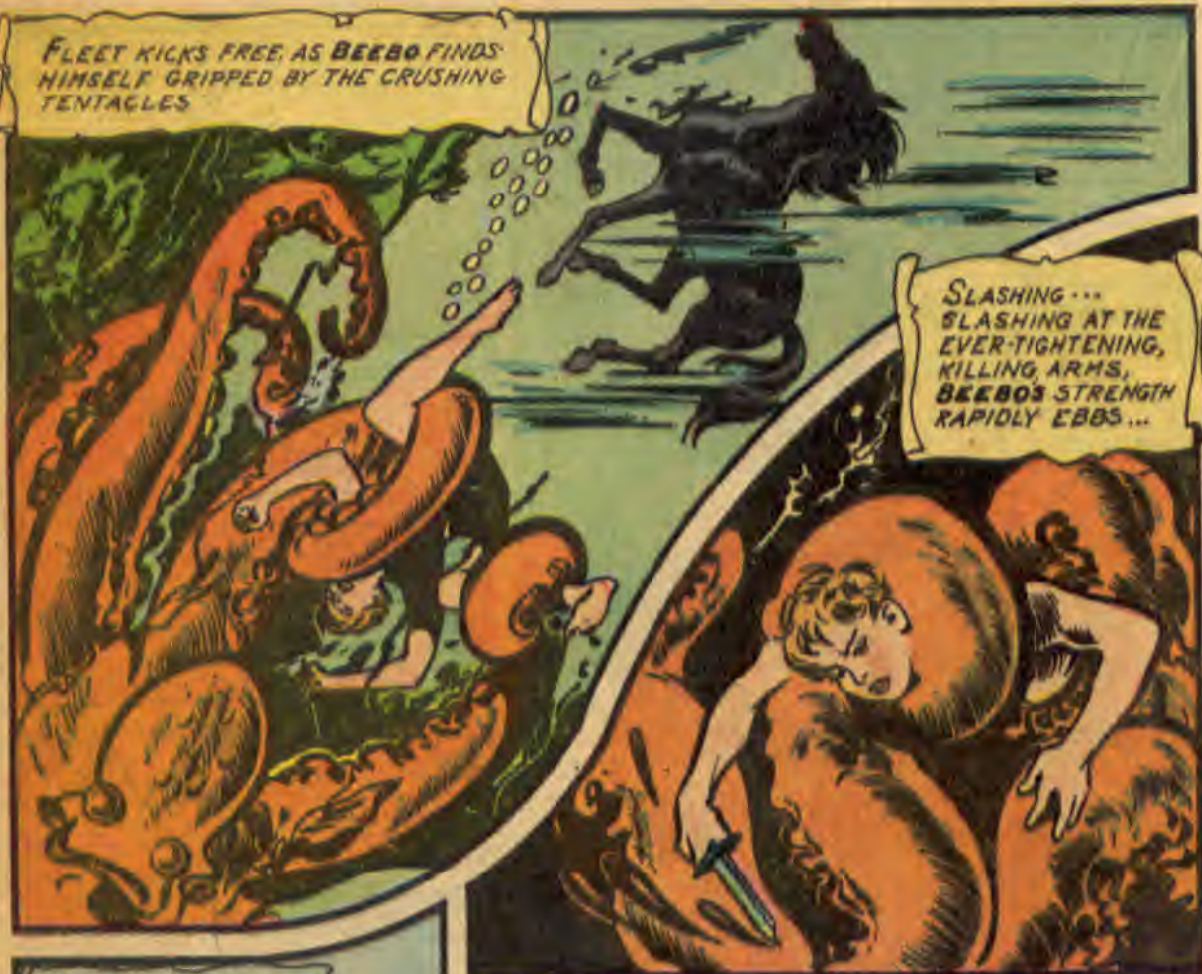
POOR FLEET YIK... POOR FLEET! HE IS DEAD AT THE BOTTOM OF THE MANY-LEGGED FISH'S STOMACH AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA...

IF FLEET IS DEAD... THEN, BY MY FANG, I SWEAR THE MANY-LEGGED FISH SHALL DIE!

ENRAGED, BEEBO MUSTERS ALL HIS STRENGTH AND FORCES HIS BEATEN, WEARY BODY DOWN TO ENGAGE IN AN UNEQUAL BATTLE ON THE SEA FLOOR!

BEEBO'S SHARP FANG BITES INTO THE TENTACLES HOLDING FLEET... THE INJURED PAIN-WRACKED SEA MONSTER SHOOTS HIS OTHER TENTACLES AT BEEBO...

FLEET KICKS FREE, AS BEEBO FINDS HIMSELF GRIPPED BY THE CRUSHING TENTACLES



SLASHING...
SLASHING AT THE
EVER-TIGHTENING,
KILLING ARMS,
BEEBO'S STRENGTH
RAPIDLY EBBS...

AT THE SURFACE...

FLEET!
BEEBO
SAVED YOU!
YIK! YOU
ARE ALIVE!

BUT
BEEBO IS
BEING
KILLED!!
CRUSHED
TO DEATH!

THE SHADOW, THOUGH HE
CANNOT UNDERSTAND ANIMAL
LANGUAGE, PULLS OUT A LONG
KNIFE... FOR HE REALIZES
THAT BEEBO'S LIFE IS IN
GRAVE DANGER.

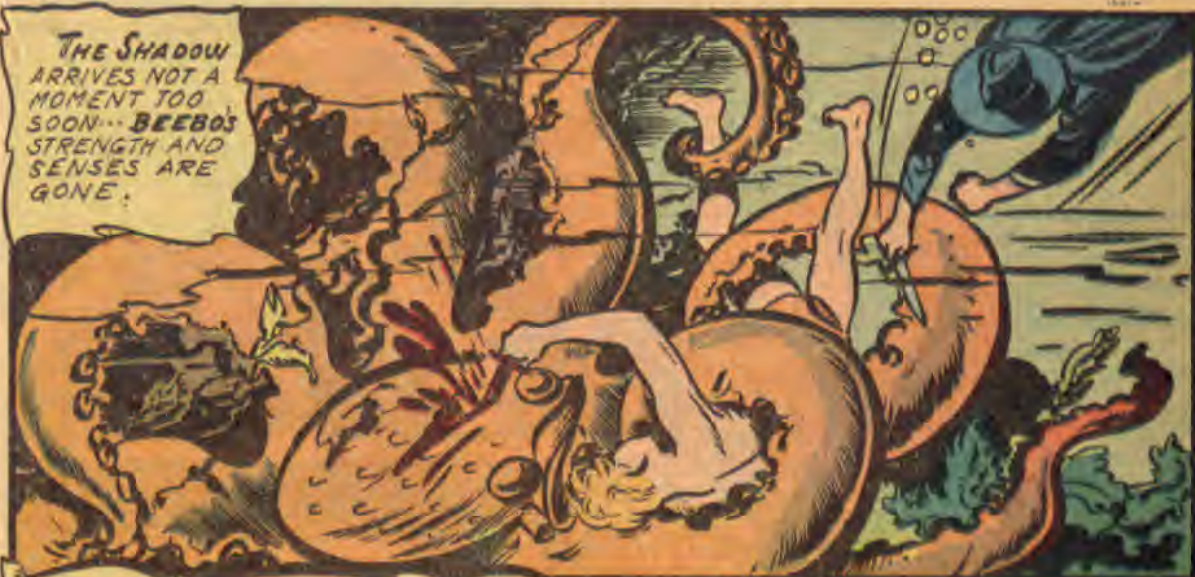
LOOK! THE
MAN-FRIEND
HAS A FANG
LIKE BEEBO'S!

LET US
HOPE THAT
HE CAN
USE IT AS
WELL...IT
MAY SAVE
BEEBO'S
LIFE!

PLACING THE KNIFE
BETWEEN HIS TEETH,
THE SHADOW DIVES
INTO THE SEA!



THE SHADOW
ARRIVES NOT A
MOMENT TOO
SOON... BEEBO'S
STRENGTH AND
SENSES ARE
GONE.



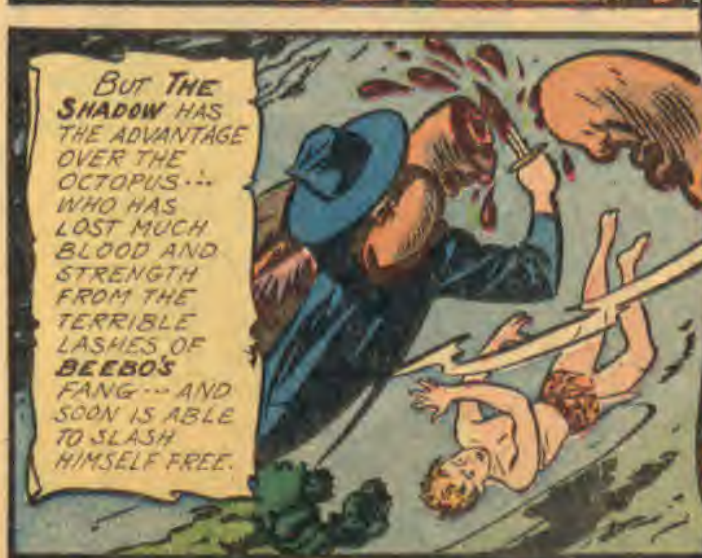
THE SHADOW'S FANG FLASHES!
BEEBO IS FREED... BUT DEADLY
TENTACLES WRAP THEMSELVES
ABOUT HIS RESCUER.



GRABBING BEEBO, HE SHOTS
TO THE SURFACE.



BUT THE
SHADOW HAS
THE ADVANTAGE
OVER THE
OCTOPUS...
WHO HAS
LOST MUCH
BLOOD AND
STRENGTH
FROM THE
TERRIBLE
LASHES OF
BEEBO'S
FANG... AND
SOON IS ABLE
TO SLASH
HIMSELF FREE.





DANNY**GARRETT**

THE BOOBY TRAP KILLER
 SOME CRIMINALS MURDER FOR MONEY,
 SOME FOR HATE OR JEALOUSY, BUT
 DANNY GARRETT ENCOUNTERED ONE
 WHO.....MURDERED FOR FUN!

OUR TALE OF HORROR
 BEGAN WHEN SKINNY,
 DANNY'S PAL, SOLD A NEWS-
 PAPER TO A DISTINGUISHED
 LOOKING GENTLEMAN....



ILLUSTRATED BY
 JIMMY THOMPSON





BOOM!
HAHAHAH

DANNY AND SKINNY, TALKING OVER THE FIRST EXPLOSION, HEAR THE SECOND FROM AROUND THE CORNER

THE KILLERS STRUCK AGAIN!

WH-H-H WHO TH-THIS TIME?



THAT'S FUNNY! SHE HAD TWO PURSES, ONE LYING THERE NEAR HER FEET, AND THIS ONE BLOWN TO SMITHEREENS!

SAY, I NOTICED WITH THE MAN BEFORE THAT SOME PIECES THAT LOOKED LIKE THEY CAME FROM A WALLET WERE SCATTERED AROUND!



THEY ARE CAMOUFLAGED EXPLOSIVE MINES. ANYBODY TOUCHING THEM IMMEDIATELY SETS OFF THE EXPLOSIVE CHARGE AND IT BLOWS UP IN HIS FACE.

YOU MEAN LIKE THE NAZIS LEAVE WHEN THEY RETREAT?



THOSE
KIDS ARE TOO
SMART FOR THEIR
OWN GOOD.....
THEY ARE
MY NEXT
VICTIMS!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING AN INNO-
CENT LOOKING BASEBALL LIES ON
THE STREET.



HE HE / HERE THEY
COME HE HE / SOON
THEY WILL BE GONE
FOREVER / HE HE /



WAIT A MINUTE
I WANT TO TIE
MY SHOELACES
THEY'RE LOOSE.



MEETCHA IN
THE CANDY STORE.
I'M HUNGRY AS
USUAL.



OH BOY /
SOMEBODY
LOST A BRAND-
NEW BASEBALL!

OKAY.

SKINNY!



DANNY'S BODY STREAKS THROUGH THE AIR
LIKE A BOLT OF LIGHTNING!



THEY HAVE ESCAPED!
BUT THEY MUST DIE!
THEY MUST DIE! I
WILL KILL THEM ANY-
WAY, SOMEHOW!



THAT BASEBALL
A BOOBY TRAP?
AWW, YOU'RE NUTS,
DANNY!

OH, YEAH?
WATCH...I'LL
SHOW YOU!



CONVINCED?

A-AND HOW! OHH!
WHEN I THINK...!!!
OHHH!



THEY THINK
THEY'VE ESCAPED
HEH HEH!



A SIXTH SENSE
WARNS DANNY
OF PERIL HE
LOOKS UP!

DUCK,
SKINNY!





QUICKLY OPENING THE DOOR FOR SKINNY DANNY DIVES AT THE MAD KILLER!



UNABLE TO STOP HIMSELF DANNY FOLLOWS THE KILLER THROUGH THE WINDOW!



WE SURE MADE A BOOBY OUT O' THAT BOOBY TRAP KILLER

AND IT'S SILENT JUSTICE THAT HE DIED BY A MURDER MACHINE OF HIS OWN MAKING!



NEXT MONTH DANNY GARRETT IS ON THE TRAIL OF CRIME AND MURDER. DEATH TIP-TOES BEHIND HIM EVERY SECOND...WAITING FOR THE MOMENT TO POUNCE ON DANNY AND HIS PAL SKINNY

The HOODED WASP

MORE OF THE SLAVE MACHINE...



ZERKO MULESK SELLS HIS SLAVE MACHINE TO THE AXIS, WHO INTEND TO USE IT TO FREEZE CONQUERED-COUNTRY WORKERS TO THEIR MACHINES. WASP AND WASPLET HAVE BEEN SENT TO GERMANY TO DESTROY MULESK AND THE MACHINES----

WASP AND WASPLET AND MULESK DESTROY ONE MACHINE, BUT NOT BEFORE ITS RAY HAS ACCIDENTALLY TOUCHED A NAZI SOLDIER COMING IN THE DOOR...HE HAS BECOME A SLAVE TO OPENING AND CLOSING THE DOOR!!



YOU HAVE DESTROYED ONE MACHINE-- BUT THERE ARE MORE TO GO INTO ACTION!



THANKS FOR TELLING US... WE'LL DESTROY THEM BEFORE WE DESTROY YOU!!

SUPPENSE--

















AND SO WASP AND WASP-LET COMPLETE THEIR MISSION TO GERMANY AND SET OFF FOR HOME WHERE MORE AND GREATER ADVENTURE AWAITS THEM! -----



DON'T MISS THE NEXT THRILLING ADVENTURES OF THE HOODED WASP IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF *Shadow Comics*

Hot Pilot!



IT'S one of those cockeyed things that sticks in you mind, though some people might say it didn't prove much. Yet I always think of it when I read Axis claims of victory—and wonder—

The location of the base where it happened is still very hush-hush; it was a bleak hump of land off the Western Alaskan Peninsula, somewhere between Kodiak and Dutch Harbor. Army engineers in charge of building the auxiliary base there had a work crew bulldoze away enough bunch grass for pursuit planes to land. Then the army ordered the commanding officer to fly our squadron to Island "X."

An eighty-mile gale had swept the island for weeks, and it was raining St. Bernards, but the C. O. couldn't wait. Workmen and soldiers needed air protection, in case the Nips started something. We bucked a headwind all the way. Just when our gauges trembled near zero, the C. O. found a hole in the overcast and we splashed in on a runway better suited for hydroplanes. But the fifteen-man squadron had made it, including Joe Caligan and his pet superstition.

Any flier whose judgment goes A. W. O. L. for a couple of seconds may find himself doing banks and turns with a harp in his hand; so maybe it's natural we're a superstitious lot. But even at March Field, Joe packed so many luck charms that they weighed him bow-legged; and it wasn't any time before he was known as "Lieutenant Hoodoo." You wouldn't

think it to look at him, because Joe had the scrubbed, shining look of a high-school valedictorian.

"We got to kid him out of it," said Buzz Taylor. "Next time we get to Los Angeles, we'll take Joe to a fortuneteller I heard of. When nothing she tells him pans out, he'll be off the stuff."

Well, Buzz took us to a pretty little white stucco covered with purple bougainvillea. The lush brunette who opened the door didn't look like a fortuneteller, but she would have wowed 'em at a U. S. O. dance. She pulled out a plug to stop the vacuum cleaner, and introduced us to her father—a dignified old gentleman in a wheel chair—before wheeling him out of the room.

When she came back with a crystal ball, she was very businesslike. After I'd crossed her palm with silver, she looked into the ball and told me I'd soon go overboard for a blonde. When she gave Buzz the same line about a brunette, he said, "How about tonight, baby?" It looked like the old hokum, until she began on Joe.

She gazed into the ball a long time. "I see a newspaper report about you. The words—I can't read—but I understand. Your heroic action is described as . . . as cowardly—"

Joe turned the color of pewter.

Buzz sprang up, plenty sore. "That's a hell of a thing to hang on a guy!"

"I'm telling the lieutenant only what I see."

"You better buy glasses," Buzz snorted.

"Let's get out of here."

When the C. O. was ordered to form a squadron to take to Alaska, he was smart enough to make Joe second in command. Joe was one of the hottest pilots ever to leave March Field. And after we were stationed at Fairbanks, he volunteered for a couple of mercy missions that would have made headlines in peace times. But sometimes it worried the C. O. because Joe couldn't seem to relax.

"Take it easy, Joe," he said. "You're going to get some help winning this war."

"I don't want anyone saying I showed the white feather."

"It would take quite a man to say that about you, Joe," said the C. O.

But, of course, Joe had never been under fire, which is the real test. A duck would have been grounded in the weather we were having, and Island X was deadly quiet. The water-logged engineers and workmen sloshed around in oilskins and rubber boots, finishing work on the base as quickly as possible so they could go "Outside."

They were completing a runway that would have allowed the first bombers to land, when the boys handling the detectors heard an unidentified plane.

The C. O. ordered our fighters warmed up. We were running toward the planes when a scout buzzed out of the drizzly mists. We saw a rising-sun insignia; the plane was so low we could have heaved a wrench into her cockpit. But the antiaircraft gunners had their sights high; before they could get them down to zero range, the enemy scout was swallowed in gray murk again.

Warmed up at last, we followed the C. O. into the gloom. I soon lost the others. After poking around in soup until my marrow needed de-icing, I guessed my way back. One by one the pursuits taxied in, Joe last of all. There wasn't enough gas left in his tank to fill a cigar lighter.

"We didn't spot anything," said the C. O. "How about you?"

"Not a thing," said Joe.

We refueled and tried once more. But sighting nothing was cold comfort. We might have skimmed within a hundred yards of a Jap force without knowing it. The C. O. was certain the Japs couldn't prepare an air base on the mainland undetected.

It followed that a flat-top was somewhere near us. Nip subs may have reported our base a-building; but if the yellow monkeys had bypassed Dutch Harbor, it wasn't solely to smash us. That would merely be incidental to a harder blow at Woman's Bay.

"We must try to stop 'em even if we haven't any bombers to do it with," the C. O. said that night in the mess hall. "I've radioed Kodiak to be on the alert."

"We got to find them before we can stop them," said Buzz.

The C. O. was on the prowl that night. He was living with us in the barracks until his quarters were built, and every so often he walked to the door to listen to the wind. It was like high flute notes, growing constantly louder.

I was awakened at three by the C. O.'s, "All out, men!"

I stumbled into my clothes. In the chill blackness outside, the wind was like saber strokes, but the rain had stopped. Engines already ticked over.

"What orders?" Joe asked, adjusting helmet and goggles as he crossed the field.

The C. O.'s face was bleak. "I've just gone over ammo shipped here to supply the bombers and have broken out some fifty-pound bombs. You'll each find one on your seat."

"My gosh!" said Buzz. "Are we supposed to fly with a bomb in our laps, and heave it overboard if we spot a Jap ship?"

"That's it," said the C. O.

"If a flat-top is nearby, it's been sneaking in on us during the night," he went on. "One of us may be able to damage the flight deck. Long-range bombers from Kodiak will then have a better chance to polish it off."

Whacky? Sure; we knew it. But we had to admit the C. O. was in there pitching with what he had.

The only way our fifteen pilots held together after taking off was by keeping a bead on the riding lights of the other planes.

But the C. O.'s hunch was hot; sixty miles west of our base the clouds broke. The northern lights cracking off to our right gave us fair visibility.

We'd scarcely found clear skies when the C. O. wagged his wings in warning, and then peeled out of formation. I looked down; cold water seemed to trickle down my spine.

There was a flat-top below—a converted merchantman which probably had as many as twenty planes aboard, judging by its size. It was protected by two light cruisers and three destroyers. They hadn't expected a night attack; the warships didn't start throwing up flak until Buzz nosed down after the C. O.

From then on, antiaircraft men made up for lost time. Shells burst all around me as I piqued the nose of my plane down toward the rectangular deck. There was wild confusion as the carrier's cold planes warmed up for their take-offs.

My eyes stung when a shell with the C. O.'s name on it made a direct, and his plane disintegrated. Buzz flew through the fragments, heaving his bomb over the side at three thousand feet. But pursuits were never designed for bombing and he scored a near-miss on the cruiser.

I had the deck lined up when a shell detonation nearby blinded and deafened me. The bomb slipped from my numb fingers. There seemed to be no pressure on my controls. When I could see again, my motor was smoking—it would take nursing to limp back.

My bomb had missed; the other pilots, now climbing, had done no better.

Joe, however, still held to his power dive. Shells burst all around him as he roared closer to the plane-crowded deck.

"Pull out, Joe!" I groaned; and then realized he could never level out in time if he tried.

Joe plummeted to within five hundred feet of the flat-top before the brilliant light of the aurora borealis revealed something spinning away from his plane toward the carrier's deck. His plane screamed as he tried to pull out.

Just then, destroyers and cruisers pinned him with a crossfire. Joe's bomb exploded a split second after his fighter was blown to fragments. Parts of the carrier's planes flew through the air.

After perhaps fifteen seconds, there was a second explosion. The converted merchantman's sides swelled out and the carrier was wrapped in a fierce burst of fire. No fifty-pound bomb can knock out a carrier. My guess was that volatile gasoline vapor ignited. The five warships, now without any plane protection, turned tail and ran.

Joe was posthumously awarded a D. S. C.,

though his citation didn't say where the action took place. But that didn't make the fortuneteller wrong.

Months after that we machine-gunned a jay submarine tender. When there was no more resistance, we returned to the base to get the launch, and boarded her. Among the souvenirs we collected before sinking the wreck was a Jap newspaper. Buzz had specialized in Japanese before transferring from Intelligence. He snorted at what he read, but he tried to give us the gist of the stories. At one account, he paused and then said slowly:

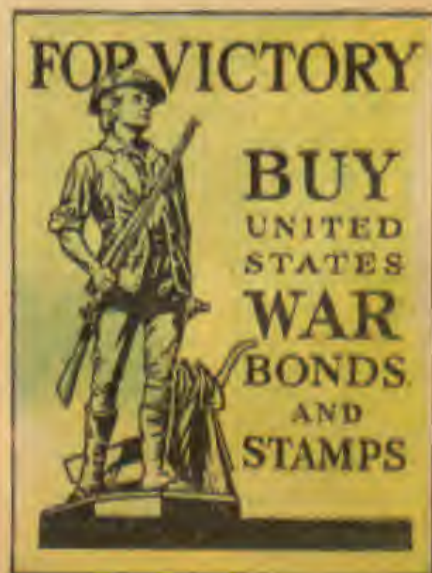
"Boys, see if you can recognize this report of a task force operation in Alaskan waters:

"The heroic soldiers of the Rising Sun had shot down forty-four attacking planes when one of the cowardly Americans, so cowed with fear that he was unable to withdraw from his dive, crashed into the deck of our carrier. His bombs ignited gasoline vapors, and the carrier blew up in many fragments. Nipponese seamen rescued all survivors—"

"If Joe was cowardly—" I exploded. "Anyhow, that account is just coincidence!"

"You mean, the fortuneteller had nothing on the crystal ball? I'm willing to believe that," Buzz said. "But Judas, man! This isn't any coincidence—it's a sure-fire bet! All defeats are written this way in Axis reports. That's one of the things totalitarian means—total deceit!"

THE END.



WONDERS

in the World of SPORT

THOSE WHO COMPLAIN THAT THEY CANNOT OBTAIN GOLF

BALLS BECAUSE OF THIS WAR - SHOULD TRY PLAYING WITH THE ORIGINAL GOLF BALLS WHICH, AT THAT TIME, WERE MADE OF LEATHER AND STUFFED WITH FEATHERS ...

WRESTLING IS THE MOST ANCIENT OF ALL SPORTS. **5000** YEARS AGO IT WAS SO PERFECTED THAT EGYPTIAN TOMBS OF THAT PERIOD BEAR ENGRAVINGS THAT SHOW ALL THE HOLDS THAT ARE USED IN MODERN MATCHES...

IN DAYS GONE BY... **TENNIS** CAUSED THE DESTRUCTION OF MANY VALUABLE DOCUMENTS. BECAUSE OF THE SCARCITY OF THE STRINGS FOR THE RACQUETS-THE VELUM OF THE MANUSCRIPTS WAS USED.

DURING THE 1908 BASEBALL SEASON BIG ED WALSH PITCHED 66 GAMES FOR THE CHICAGO WHITE SOX. IN WHICH TIME HE RECORDED 40 VICTORIES AND ONLY 15 DEFEATS FOR AN AMAZING PERCENTAGE OF .727 ...

THE CINCINNATI RED STOCKINGS BECAME THE FIRST SALARIED BASEBALL TEAM. IN 1868 ... TO DEMONSTRATE THEIR WORTH THEY PROCEEDED TO PLAY THROUGH THE COMING SEASON OF 81 GAMES WITHOUT ONE SETBACK... A FEAT WHICH IS WITHOUT PARALLEL IN THE HISTORY OF BASEBALL.

WHERE'S THE COMPETITION?



THIS TRIP IS
TAKING US WAY
OUT IN THE COUNTRY--

BUT WE'VE GOT
TO KEEP ON GOING,
SHREVVY--

BECAUSE ENEMIES
ARE SEEKING LANGLEY'S
LIFE. HE'S BEEN RE-
CEIVING THREATENING
LETTERS!

THREATENING
LETTERS!
DOES THE
BOSS KNOW
WHO SENT
THEM?

NO, HE
THINKS,
OOHHH!
LOOK OUT,
SHREVVY!

AS MARGO SHRIEKS, A
BOLT OF LIGHTNING RIPS
FROM NOWHERE, WRECKING
LANGLEY'S LIMOUSINE !!!



MISSING THE BRIDGE,
THE STRICKEN CAR
HURTLES DOWN INTO
THE RAVINE...

WE'D BETTER DRIVE
ON AND SEE WHAT
HAPPENED!

NOT A CHANCE!
THE LIGHTNING MIGHT
SHOCK US, TOO! COME
DOWN THIS WAY TO
THE RAVINE!



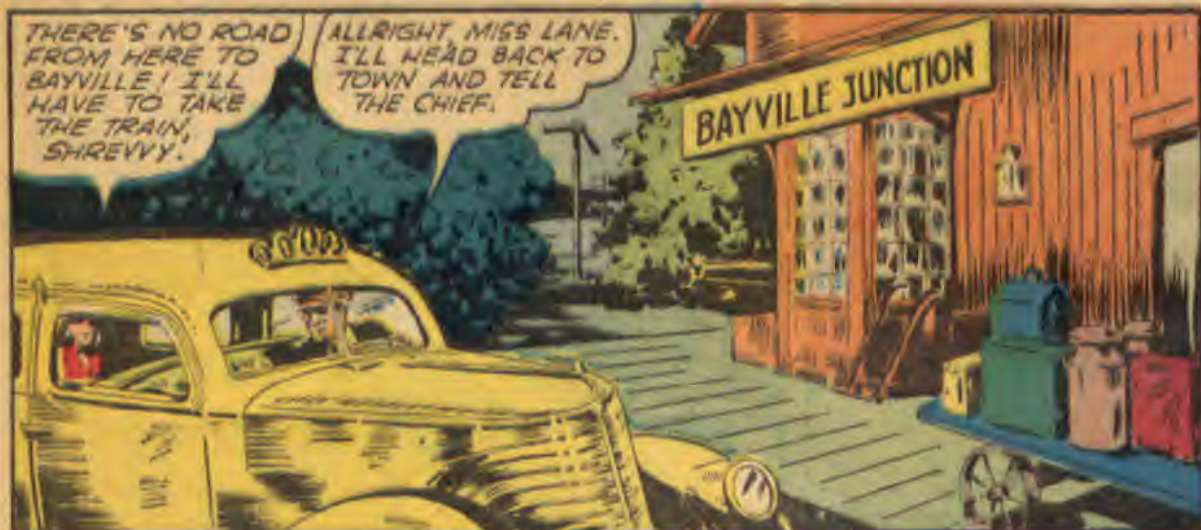
HE'S TRYING
TO SAY SOME-
THING. LISTEN!

LANGLEY IS DEAD
BUT THE CHAUFFEUR
IS STILL ALIVE.



GO TO BAYVILLE.
SEE THORDON.
BAYVILLE ---
THOR ---





SO MISS LANE WENT
TO BAYVILLE TO SEE
THIS GUY THORDON.

THAT'S WHERE
WE'RE GOING,
SHIREVY, AND
THIS TIME TAKE
ALL THE SHORT
CUTS --

-- BECAUSE THORDON
IS THE MAN I AM
SEEKING! HE WAS
LANGLEY'S WORST
ENEMY, NOT HIS
BEST FRIEND!

GEE,
BOSS!

MR. THORDON
LIVES HALF A
MILE UP THAT
ROAD.

SINCE THERE'S
NOTHING RESEMBLING
A TAXI, I'LL WALK!

EXACTLY!
AND I AM
BLAINE
THORDON.
FOR SHORT,
I CALL MYSELF
THOR, KING OF
THUNDER!

WHY--
WHY IT'S A
MACHINE
FOR MAKING
ARTIFICIAL
LIGHTNING!

I MUST SEE
MR. THORDON
AND TELL HIM
ABOUT MR.
LANGLEY--

COME
RIGHT
IN.



LANGLEY SPENT MANY THOUSANDS BACKING MY EXPERIMENTS. HE WANTED A RETURN ON HIS INVESTMENTS -



Meanwhile ...



KNOCKED VISIBLE BY THE TERRIFIC VOLTAGE, THE SHADOW NOT ONLY RECUPERATES, BUT PLUCKS A STREAK OF JAGGED LIGHTNING FROM THE AIR!!!



AND NOW THORDON, A TASTE OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE!

NO ---!
NO ---!



THOR FORGOT HIS OWN LIGHTNING WHILE ESCAPING THE SHADOW'S!

THAT SETTLES THOR. NOW TO STOP HIS THRONE!



WHY-- WHY THIS LIGHTNING IS JUST A CHUNK OF PAINTED METAL.

OF COURSE. I WORE THIS RUBBER CLOAK TO INSULATE ME AGAINST THOR'S LIGHTNING. AND UNDER THE CLOAK--



-- I CARRIED THIS FAKE LIGHTNING BOLT, KNOWING THOR WOULD FALL FOR IT!

SO THAT WAS IN THE BAG THE CHIEF BROUGHT ALONG!

I'LL SAY HE FELL-- AND PERMANENTLY!



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